

the time before Christmas, when all through the town

sch creature is hustling around, up and down.

Yuletide Gift-Spirits are anxious

isn't Saint Nicholas sure to be

children are wond'ring, because it's been said visions of Santa Claus dance in

each head, With his jolly red kerchief, and queer little cap)

And they are but myths, and only a To quiet the kiddies, who make such a

When grown-up folks fail to see what's the matter.

cannot believe it! It isn't all trash! And their childhood dreams are not

going to smash! reindeers are coming with Santa,

The joys of the Christ-tide to people below.

surely to wandering eyes they'll appear As real Christmas fairles, looked for

each year. and the dear little driver, so lively and quick

They always shall know him, and call him Saint Nick. surely than reason, as each

Christmas came He's greeted the children and called

them by name. Now Children! Now Grown-ups! Now you Doubting-Vixens!

Jome sadly, or gladly (but leave out your fixin's) the top of the world, to the land

beyond call And dash away, lash away, cash away

Those dry doubts that take wings and

hurriedly fly When they see the love mounting from earth to the sky.

Look up to the Heaven where the sky is so blue

And the air filled with Joy-and St. Nicholas, too. Then in a twinkling you'll feel in your

A yearning, a turning to do your own part.

If you hold up your head, if you look You'll find that St. Nicholas (Santa) is

found In each busy hustler, each step of whose

Is planting a seed that shall take deep

And grow into love-deeds, filling the sack Which Santa Claus helps him to hold

on his back. His eyes, how they'll twinkle. His voice will be merry. His heart will be giving,-but filled, oh,

yes, very-He'll feel that dear Santa is making him know

hat each Christmas errand is helping him grow

spirit of Santa Claus deep underneath Til it circles his head like a big halo

wreath. will be filled up with goodles and

candies and jelly. on ask him "Who's Santa, the jolly old Elf?"

He'll laugh and will say to you, "Why, He's Myself!" The wink in his eye, and the twist of

of his head Will soon let you know that you'v

nothing to dread. For he'll speak not a word, but s

straight to work And fill all the stockings, then tur

with a jerk And laying his finger aside of his n He'll tell you-now-what do you su

pose? That his doubts all are flown, I'm

down of a thistle. And while we are waiting, we'll oft her his whistle. For Santa is coming, though he's no THE POETS' CORNER

dited by Martha L. Spencer dress all communications to Poets' Corner," care of The ford Times.

The Poet. He carries deathlessness about his

person thers carry money; left and right erring it, on a woman, on a weed. this sea-lavender in the pebble-

White the tongue of the sea can lick it, with a blur

Of blue about it, due to die by winter.
Let but the right eye see it, the right shadow
Fall dark upon it, and it will not die.
It is the man who will die before the

weed be forgotten. After he is dead will remember that weed in his stead.

-ABBIE HUSTON EVANS.

Abbie Huston Evans has published to book, "Outcrop," which was usen by the Poetry Clan in its first She lives in Philadelphia.

. . . A Message to Poets.

Odell Shepard of Trinity college, and essayist, spoke on "Connectifrom Afar," at the last meeting of the Poetry club. During two years and in England Professor Shepard re-discovered Connecticut. "It is the gent in England Professor Shepard rediscovered Connecticut. "It is the ditant vision that is a part of the truth", he said, "one reason for travel is to appreciate home. He who cannot see good poetry near at hand canfill see poetry at all. A vision of faith and beauty does not depend upon visual sense but the inward beauty to be found in all things. It is the poet's business to tear apart the veil; to reveal this beauty. Almost nothing has been done by poets to interpret Connecticut; her spiritual beauty and intimate charm have never been adequately set forth. This is a challenge to poets to pierce the barrenness of production and to render in poetry the music of purple and gold we call October, the frost of our winter nights and the tenderness of May mornings." "Provincialism often produces the best poetry because of intimate knowledge of a locality," Professor Shepard said, noting Thomas Hardy, all of whose poems were of his native Wessex—Robinson's characters and scenes were of a little town in Maine. Our own Wilbert Snow and Robert Hillyer write of the locality which they know best. This is a provincialism to be worn proudly; to have the patriotism of locality."

Asked to give something of his own

Asked to give something of his own Connecticut poetry—Professor Sheaprd closed his lecture with "Vespers," written at sunset from the Salisbury

R. Augustus Lawson gave selections from Bach, McDowell and Chopin, be-fore the lecture.

Of Edgar Allan Poe.

"Writing from the shadows of his own soul, he made beauty so stringent, so close to perfection that it gives, as the French poet Gaudelaire says, a "taste of etrenity."

(From "The Winged Horse" by Auslander and Hill)

lander and Hill).

Professor Chauncey B. Tinker of Yale will speak on the poems of Edgar Allan Poe at Center Church house Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Serenity.

Fan gleams a star forth from a primrose sky:— A world unknown, floating in spheres unscanned. Beauty, sweet, serene and

high, across a swiftly darkening Smiling land.

And souls have suffered, loved and wept Since in Life's depths such worlds of

feeling lie,
Which yet unscarred by all the storms,
have kept

The smile we catch, as we are passing by. -ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

Dawn On the Margaree. Soft, silver, shimmering, kindling glow-Above the mountains, still asleep: While river mists, like ghosts below With muffled footsteps creep.

Now dawn like some pale acolyte With pallid fingers goes about pallid fingers goes about ing the tapers of the night anuffs them out.

soft unlocks the dusky gates raness where, radiant by the world adored, it Aurora, blushing, walts

ounts above the forest spire, ling on his flaming way in chariot with his reins of fire, operial day!

J. WARREN HARPER.

1929. Palace of the Moon. blue brocaded gown, with old silver, bright with gems, ing presented

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

NO. XXXI.

False Rumor of Hawley's Capture.

Rumor had Hawley and Mrs. Hawley and one company of the Seventh captured by the rebels at Fernandina, but on January 28 he wrote to deny the report and give Warner a picture of the state of things in the new post:

Fernandina, Fla. Jan. 28, '63.

Dear Charley:

Dear Charley:

I just scribble a line to go by a schooner to Hilton Head.—chiefly to say that there is no truth in a report which was current all about Port Royal that one company of the 7th and myself and Mrs. Hawley were taken prisoners. There has not been a single shot fired nor any sign of trouble since we have been here.

On the whole it is quite pleasant here, but we are out of the war almost entirely. There is hardly a hope that the enemy may attack us and I have no boat to assist me in harassing the coast. I am promised a broad, shallow Southern river steamer, called the Darlington, which will carry three or four guns and with which I can do a great deal of mischief. deal of mischief.

A Miniature Kingdom.

Quite a miniature kingdom I have Quite a miniature kingdom 1 have. Fort Clinch with 20 or 30 guns, a redoubt of two guns at the town, four miles of railway with one locomotive—about 30 of my men organized to act either as light cavalry or light artillery with their two guns, a 10 pdr. Parrotte and a 24 pdr. howitzer, a gunboat off the wharf too deep to move about much,—and about 200 white and pear 100 black people to govern, outside near 100 black people to govern, outside of the Reg and 2 companies of engineers, a small specimen of everything and no orders save verbal directions "to do as I please." The whole experi-

ment is here in miniature.

I deeply regret that we are to be left out of the Charleston expedition, but as the land forces are merely auxiliary,

as the land forces are merely auxiliary, merely to occupy what the navy takes, there is small chance for glory there, and I may get as much credit here by governing well and watching the neighborhood closely.

We have news from the North to the 19th and I have a Savannah Republican of the 23d. The great painful thing to me now is the apparent disposition of the discovery to provoke civil war and revolution at the North. God help us: this is an awful storm.

and revolution at the North. God help us; this is an awful storm.

Don't kill yourself working. I propose to send you a little money from my next pay if I get it. Uncle Sam owes me over \$800. I get no political news from home save through the

A thousand things to write about here, of interest in more peaceful times, but new swallowed up in the greater events of the war.

Yours as ever. Joe Hawley.

Hawley's friends at home were busy in his behalf. They believed his long service and his fine record entitled him to a brigadier generalcy and they were seeking it for him. Governor Buckingham himself wrote to President Lincoln and praised Hawley highly. The governor referred to Hawley as having raised the first company organized in Connecticut to suppress the rebellion, as having "shown himself equal to every emergency and capable of bearing any responsibility placed up on him. is", the governor wrote "a gentleman of high reputation and unexceptionable character, of untiring energy, whose whole soul is engaged in overwhelming the enemies of the government."

Hawley wrote, on March 4, acknowledging the efforts in his behalf. He also wrote vigorously concerning Connecticut politics. Perhaps nothing better reveals the real Hawley, his courage and his directness of action in important situations than this letter:

Fernandina, Fla March 4, 1863.

My dear Charley: Your letter of Feb. 10th is eagerly welcomed and thoroughly read. Thank you most cordially for what you have been doing about the brigadiership. I you most cordially for what you have been doing about the brigadiership. I copied all that you said and sent it to-day to Gen. Terry. I know that Gen. Hunter is favorably disposed toward me and I have heard of his saying, twice I believe, "I wish I had Col. Hawley here," with reference to some minor expedition or other; so that he may possibly relieve us here and put us into more active service. Still he does not know very much of me; I became better acquainted personally with every other General—Sherman, Wright, Gillmote, Stevens, Benham, Williams, Mitchel (particularly Seymour and Brannan than with Gen. H. (Stevens, under whose eye T was at James Island and who commanded us there is dead.) Terry who saw nearly every step at Pocotaligo is my old colonel and would be considered partial. Mitchel who treated me with the greatest kindness and selected me for his first move (St. John's Bluff, letting Brannan select the other regiment, the 47th Pa.) and

and saves me and them from feeling as if I were inferior to all these chaps that get brigadierships.

that get brigadierships.

Now there's a man promoted down here who to the best of my knowledge has never been in battle at all,—Col. Morgan of the 90th N. Y.. His regiment was at Key West from June 1862 to January 1863 when he came to Beaufort and then went back to Key West. He is a good anti-slavery man but his regiment was poorly disciplined. I shouldn't like to have any junior colonel of the Conn. regiments made a brigadier over me.

Enough about this; my rest will not be broken whatever my fortunes so long as I can honorably hold my present position; it's better to be a good colonel than a poor brigadier. It has come to pass that the presumption is rather against a new brigadier; it is generally supposed that he is some nin-compoop who has maneuvered himself into the position.

The Congressional Situation.

As to the Congressional question: things seem by your account to be drift-ing along well enough, save that our people have no business to be giving up district in advance. It can be car the district in advance. It can be carried for Loomis or anybody else if our friends will get crazy over it and swear it shall be done. It feels like a personal insult—every patriot should take it so—the idea of those scoundrels pretending to elect one of their peace pupples.

And Tom Seymour for governor! God help the degraded state that should elect him. He is altogether worse than elect him. He is altogether worse than Horatio Seymour—indeed he is meaner than the most cowardly cracker that sneaks through these swamps to steal niggers or rather shoot niggers. Connecticut ought to be sold for pinchbeck or old pewter if she elects Tom. Such utterly piratical Christianity as that of that — Church chicken—what's his name? or that good pious, narrow-minded, virulent — is better suited to the Cannibal Islands than Hartford. Every man that can address five people at a time ought to hold meetings day and night: every man and woman ought

at a time ought to hold meetings day and night; every man and woman ought to turn electioneer; every dollar ought to be at the service of the cause. Reply like Morris of the Cumberland to the demand of the Merrimac to surrender,—"No, damn you" and go down with your flag flying. Give them no quarter. Never mind your social position—cut these twaddlers! they are too low commany—curse them. I feel above low company—curse them, I feel above associating with them.

I wish I were at home-not to run I wish I were at home—not to run for Congress, I'm not hungry for that—but to fight these cowards and traitors I agnee with your sentiments, precisely, about these McClellan demonstrations. God forgive the poor cuss. He's cost the cause of liberty 100,000 men and a great deal of demoralization. Now if his conscience tells him that he has done his best, let him rest but rest in sadness. It has been said that the regreat deal of demoralization. Now if his conscience tells him that he has done his best, let him rest but rest in sadness. It has been said that the rebellidn is the greatest crime since the Crucifixion. McClellan has thrown away the greatest opportunity ever vouchsafed to man since Pilate had the chance to protect Jesus Christ. I don't remember that Pilate, though he had the reputation of being a very conservative Roman, went around exhibiting himself.

My own opinion is that Calvin Day would make the best congressman. Be hanged if I like to see Julius L. Strong or Daye Calhoun (Judge Dayid S. Calhoun—Ed) fighting for it. How perfectly natural it is for Dixon and the Courant and McClellanism generally to try to hit me in the head. Poor devils! their highest ideal is an office holder, no matter how he got his place. There is going to be a grand struggle in the next congress; when I think of that I

is going to be a grand struggle in the next congress; when I think of that I feel an ache to be in it; honestly, that's all I care about the place, or the most I care at any rate. I should like to please my old daddy by getting in, but he understands as well as you and I do how a man can be honesdy proud of not getting elected sometimes.

By the next mail I'll write a letter for publication to try and encourage and sour up the folks a little. Sail in, Charley, and thank God for the privi-lege of living in these days. Love to Susie and the Hookers and Gillettes and everybody else including the whole Press Office.

Yours,

JOE. "Tom" Seymour's War Position.

Colonel Thomas H. Seymour was unquestionably a better man than Hawley's hatred of him would indicate. Despite his opposition to the Civil war he was no poltroon and no coward. His position was as much a matter of conscience with him as Hawley's was to him. Possibly it required no less moral courage to take it, for there was in many quarters a disposition to make

Like A. E. Burr, Seymour did not be lieve in disunion, or in slavery He did believe that even under the great provocation of secession and actual attack greater efforts should have been made to compose the controversy without fratricidal war.

Ishmaelite of every anti-war man.

The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE TELEPHONIC SEA CHANTIES (Now possible to phone ships at sea.
-News item.)

(After Allen Cunningham.)

A wet sheet and a flowing sea, A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast,
While like . . oh. pardon me . . .
I hear the phone bell ringing and I guess the call's for me.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!

I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the howling breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my b
The good ship . . . damn it all!
That phone is ringing once again,
I'll have to take the call.

There's tempest in the horned moon And lightning in you cloud, And hark the music, mariners! The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud,
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
Oh, listen to its moan . . .
I would but I must answer, boys
The blank-blank telephone!

(After John Masefield.) I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.

And all I ask is a tall ship and star to ster her by; And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white gulls wing

ing—
And a gray mist on the sea's face and
a phone bell ringing.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide Is a wild call and a clear call that

cannot be denied: And all I ask is a windy day with a strong breeze moaning

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the telephoning.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way
where the wind's like a whetted

knife, And all I ask is a merry yarn and the right to choose it,

And a night call on the ship's phone
and a "Please excuse it."

. . .

How It Must Be Done. Clerk: There's a man outside to set Employment Manager of Department

Employment Manager of Department Store: What's he look like? Clerk: He's very tall and thin, quite emaclated, cross-eyed, red-headed and has an enormous red mustache. Employment Manager: Good! He's just the type for our store Santa Claus. (Copyright, 1929, by the Associated Newspapers.)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Farmington School Problem.

To the Editor of The Times:

Is this humane for our little ones? We have been promised relief for the past two years and have waited and hoped, while our little ones have suf-Selectmen have come and selectmen

have gone, but Farmington's school system goes on forever. The other districts have bus service and even Unionville has better trolley service than the FAIR PLAY.

Farmington, Dec. 5.

Farther and Further. To the Editor of The Times:

Mr. Latimer's column in The Times is always enjoyable. He has a dry humor that is delightful. But in his column on December 13 he refers to a controversy over the meaning of the words "farther" and "further," and that with the difference that one is spelled with an "a" and the other with a "u" the meaning of both is the same, namely, that of distance. We find that Mr. Webster agrees with him, but we do not agree with Mr. Webster, even though we visualize the smile of our readers at that statement. And our first and only witness will be Mr. Webster himself to prove, out of his own words, that he is wrong. Farther has only one meaning and no more. It refers to distance only and is used in no other connection. It is used in the positive, comparative and supurlative degrees. How far is it to New Haven? Springfield is farther north than Windsor. The Mr. Latimer's column in The Times How far is it to New Haven? Springfield. is farther north than Windsor. The farthest city in the world, north, is Hammerfest, Norway. Always distance,

to compose the controversy without fratricidal war.

In the middle of 1862 a meeting to have no business to be used with that

est root, grow into love-deeds, filling the sack

th Santa Claus helps him to hold on his back. eyes, how they'll twinkle. His voice

will be merry. heart will be giving,—but filled, oh,

yes, veryl feel that dear Santa is making him know

t each Christmas errand is helping him grow spirit of Santa Claus deep under-

neath it circles his head like a big halo

wreath. I visit the hungry, till each little

belly I be filled up with goodies and candies and jelly.

n ask him "Who's Santa, the jolly old Elf?"

Il laugh and will say to you, "Why, He's Myself!" wink in his eye, and the twist of

of his head 1 soon let you know that you've

nothing to dread. he'll speak not a word, but go

straight to work 1 fill all the stockings,-then turn with a jerk

d laying his finger aside of his nose 11 tell you-now-what do you suppose?

at his doubts all are flown, like the down of a thistle. d while we are waiting, we'll oft hear

his whistle. r Santa is coming, though he's not

in sight. 's coming!—to make Christmas happy

and right. OLIVE ALLEN ROBERTSON. Hartford.

Mrs. Olive Allen Robertson, in subitting the above, makes the following otnote:

"The poem, 'Twas the Night Before aristmas,' so treasured in each child's emory, was written by Clement Clarke oore, who was born July 15, 1779, and ed July 10, 1863. There are theorists -day who are questioning certain nildish beliefs. For those the accomanying lines are written, suggested by Ir. Moore's poem." * * *

Concerning the burning of the O'Hear lock in Thompsonville, Monday, one I the correspondents reported that "fire leadquarters is only a few hundred eet from the O'Hear block, but the plaze was burning merrily before the larm from Box 85 brought the firemen o the scene," which indicates that)'Hear is a misnomer.

Who said next year will be 1930? The day's happenings from far and near savor of something which the old-

sters vividly remember and which the youngsters have read about in several popular sellers. "William Gillette in Sherlock Holmes." "Long, trailing "Jekyll and skirts are being worn."

Hyde sought as slayer." True, it is the beginning of a decade, but which decade? As the girl said in "The Grand Street Follies" of two or three years ago, "it is a little mauve."

The fathers were strong for the pursuit of happiness, but they got results without speeding up to seventy.

It is estimated that the French have sixty-four distinctive national habits, not counting Briand.

To us but Beauty, sweet, serene and

And souls have suffered, loved and wept Since in Life's depths such worlds of feeling lie, Which yet unscarred by all the storms, have kept

The smile we catch, as we are passing by. -ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

* * * Dawn On the Margaree.

Soft, silver, shimmering, kindling glow-Above the mountains, still asleep: While river mists, like ghosts below With muffled footsteps creep.

Now dawn like some pale acolyte With pallid fingers goes about Among the tapers of the night And snuffs them out.

Then, soft, unlocks the dusky gates
Of darkness where, radiant, by the
world adored,
The fair Aurora, blushing, waits

Her lord-

Who mounts above the forest spire, swift riding on his flaming way In golden chariot with his reins of fire. Ave! Imperial day!

J. WARREN HARPER. Margaree Forks Cape Breton, Cct. 1929. . . .

In the Palace of the Moon,

To-night, the Sea In a blue, brocaded gown, Edged with old silver, And bright with gems, Is being presented At the court, Of the Moon.

To-night, the Sea,
Trailing foamy, dainty lace,
Is calm, dignified, regal,
As she makes her bow
To the King, and Queen,
In the shining palace,
Of the Moon. Of the Moon.

-EDITH L. NICHOLS. Knollwood, Conn.

* Night. Lights gleamingtwinkling eyes of the city, friendly—unfriendly darker patches of hostile streets. lurking—skulking—shadows putt—putt—putt— of softly running motors, rumble— rumble of trafficladen trucks.

(drivers with caps pulled low on the side) with milk—vegetables or blacker—menacing trucks without lights. with boxes labeled "produce" and filled—with bottles. -HIGGINS.

Pasture-land.

re white sheep lie and young calves cry in acres of pink clover; beetle dines on wild-grape vines, where orioles fly over. There

The robin's song, heard all day long, as The robin's song, heard an day of the color of the color

A willow bough and rusty plow lie twisted up together; The scattered stones and dried pine cones are warped and worn by

weather.

Beside a pool, pleasant and cool, a watersnake is sleeping;
In warty tog, a spotted frog from lilypads is leaping.
Of bitten grass, and stumpy mass, the pasture-land's cessation
Borders a brook, rolls to a nook, where flowers praise Creation.

-ETHEL HAWLEY.

character, of untiring energy, whose whole soul is engaged in overwhelming the enemies of the government."

Hawley wrote, on March 4, acknowledging the efforts in his behalf. He also wrote vigorously concerning Connecticut politics. Perhaps nothing better reveals the real Hawley, his courage and his directness of action in important situations than this letter:

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My dear Charley:
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Stevens mentioned the regiment very

who after Pocotaligo again taked mos-freely and kindly, is dead. Stevens mentioned the regiment very handsomely though he didn't put it at the head in his report of James Island. Terry commended us at Pocotaligo. Gen. Keyes did a most unusual thing, he par-ticularly noticed me, a captain only, in the body of his report of the first Bull Pun

the body of his report of the first Bull Run.

At Pulaski, I was under fire all but the first 2½ hours. My turn on duty came at 11 a.m. (the fire opened about 8 and I reached the batteries at 10½ and never left them till the white flagwent up.) I never have seen Gillmore's full report of the siege but he, though a good engineer is a bigoted regular and I don't suppose he praised me. I was "field officer of the trenches," having charge of all guards, reserved infantry forces, etc. etc., during the day. The record of the regiment is full of complimentary appointments to duty. plimentary appointments to duty.

Four Times In Battle.

Four Times In Battle.

"I've been four times in regular battle besides many times under skirmishing fire, etc., and have always managed to keep a stiff upper lip though sometimes "badly skeered" as Capt. Hamilton of Sherman's battery says he was. You have the right idea precisely of the sort of semi-military, semi-civil duty that my previous habits and training would seem to fit me for if I'm fit for anything.

We have here some sagacious old fellows,—tax commissioners, etc., old residents of Florida and the leading one, old Col. Sammis (three years in the Indian War, which he thinks more our fault, is on very good terms with me and wishes that I would go to Jacksonville to rule there. I really believe that I could make a decent military governor of Florida.

But fiddlesticks. I'm happy at the

of Florida.

But fiddlesticks, I'm happy at the head of the Regiment and they'd follow me into the very valley and shadows of Death—at any rate they'll obey me

of Death—at any rate they'll obey me and go in. A general has no home and family, no body of men that belong to him, unless he has one brigade for a long time, which he seldom can have. Of my own motion, I would (not) care a fig for promotion; I don't think I'm fit for a regular campaigning, fighting brigadier because I have not long familiarity with maneuvering more than ing brigadier because I have not long familiarity with maneuvering more than one regiment at a time, though I'm reading all the while. The chief inducements to permitting promotion are that it pleases my relatives and friends

rose sky:—
A world unknown, floating in spheres unscanned.
To us but Beauty, sweet, serene and high, smiling across a swiftly darkening land.

Smiling across a swiftly darkening land.

Count is spheres to be a gentleman of high reputation and unexceptionable character, of untiring energy, whose land.

Count to every fectly natural it is for Dixon and the Courant and McClellanism generally to try to hit me in the head. Poor devilst their highest ideal is an office holder, no matter how he got his place. There is going to be a grand struggle in the character, of untiring energy, whose next congress; when I think of charts feel an ache to be in it; honestly, that's all I care about the place, or the most I care at any rate. I should like to blease my old daddy by getting in, but he understands as well as you and I do how a man can be honestly proud of not setting elected sometimes. getting elected sometimes.

By the next mail I'll write a letter for by the next man I if write a letter for publication to try and encourage and sour up the folks a little. Sail in, Charley, and thank God for the privilege of living in these days. Love to Susie and the Hookers and Gillettes and else including the whole everybody els Press Office.

JOE.

"Tom" Seymour's War Position.

Colonel Thomas H. Seymour was unquestionably a better man than Hawley's hatred of him would indicate. Despite his opposition to the Civil war he was no poltroon and no coward. His position was as much a matter of conscience with him as Hawley's was to him. Possibly it required no less moral courage to take it, for there was in many quarters a disposition to make Ishmaelite of every anti-war man.

Like A. E. Burr, Seymour did not believe in disunion, or in slavery He did believe that even under the great provocation of secession and actual attack greater efforts should have been made to compose the controversy without fratricidal war.

In the middle of 1862 a meeting to arouse enthusiasm for the support of the war took place in Hartford and Colonel Seymour's name was published, in his absence from town, as one of the sponsors of the gathering. His courage is shown by the fact that he braved the war spirit of the day, upon his return, and sent a letter to The Times in which he said that his name had been used without his consent and that had he been in Hartford he would not have been a sponsor for the meeting, nor would he have attended it because he did not sympathize with its purposes. He then went on to recite his theories as to the manner in which efforts should have been exerted to save the Union without resort to Civil war. The letter was used repeatedly by Seymour's supporters in the campaign of 1863.

Seymour had declared that he would rather be known in history as the firm and consistent opponent of the war than wear the diadem of a king." His attitude was consistent with that declara-

Hawley, of course, believed there could be no compromise with secession and rebellion. To him a position like Seymour's was plain treason, nothing else.

Yet Seymour, despite war hatreds was a man of standing in the community. Even in the war period one of the Masonic bodies elected him to its highest position. He was long a distinguished citizen of the state, in congress, 1843-45; governor, 1850-53 and when General McClellan was nominated for the presidency by the democrats at Chicago in 1864, Seymour was put forward for the nomination by an Ohio delegate and received 231/2 votes. Seymour himself was a military man and bore the title of colonel. He had served with distinction in the Mexican war and when he finished his term as governor he was publicly presented a sword by admiring citizens.

(Continued To-morrow.)

waiting for that broney. It was usually late that night and the young-sters waited until 5:30 p. m. for the car

Nome.

Is this humane for our little ones?

We have been promised relief for the past two years and have waited and hoped, while our little ones have suffered.

Selectmen have come and selectmen have gone, but Farmington's school system goes on forever. The other districts have bus service and even Unionville has better trolley service than the children of the First district.

FAIR PLAY. Farmington, Dec. 5.

Farther and Further.

To the Editor of The Times:

Mr. Latimer's column in The Times is always enjoyable. He has a dry humor that is delightful. But in his column on December 13 he refers to a controversy over the meaning of the words "farther" and "further," and that with the difference that one is spelled with an "a" and the other with a "u" the meaning of both is the same, namely, that of distance. We find that Mr. Webster agrees with him, but we do not agree with Mr. Webster, even though we visualize the smile of our readers at that statement. And our first and only witness will be Mr. Webster himself to prove, out of his own words, that he is wrong. Farther has only one meaning and no more. It refers to distance only and is used in no other connection. It is used in the positive, comparative and supurlative degrees. How far is it to New Haven? Springfield is farther north than Windsor. The farthest city in the world, north, is Hammerfest, Norway. Always distance, "Further" and "furthest" are also To the Editor of The Times:

is farther north than Windsor. The farthest city in the world, north, is Hammerfest, Norway. Always distance, nothing more.

"Further" and "furthest" are also used in connection with distance and have no business to be used with that meaning. Further means more or increase. I will have nothing further, nothing more, to do with you. Further resistance, more resistance, was impossible and the enemy retreated three miles farther. Furthermore the deponent sayeth not. We will consider the case further, meaning more. A further reduction in price was decided upon. And let that meaning only of further stop right there. But Mr. Webster says No! It includes distance. Very well. Then we submit to the fairness of our readers if far is the positive of farther and farthest then by all the rules of logic fur ought to be the positive of further and furthest. But who, except possibly Uncle Reuben, says how fur is it to the next town? Fur, fur "away like bells at evening pealing." But Mr. Webster doesn't mention the word "fur" except as the pelt of a tortured, trapped animal that women wear about their necks on hot July nights. Why mention far and not fur? Must we say far, further, furthest? Who does? But why not if they all refer to distance? Words have meanings all their own and we believe in nice distinctions. "Further" is overloaded and should not have a double meaning, especially when the two meanings are so far apart. If we are wrong, as we can hardly expect a rebuttal from Mr. Webster, will some defender kindly point out wherein we are in error in criticizing his right to the double meaning of the word further involving the single meaning of the word farther? Why not wipe farther out of the English language and be done with it. If further is quite sufficient why was farther born to begin with?

J. W. HARPER. to begin with? J. W. HARPER.

Hartford, Dec. 16.

(As Mr. Latimer was careful to say in his article, preferred modern usage demands "farther" for distance; "further" for involution and evolution. If Dr. Harper will read the subject matter of the Century distinuary under the respective hearings, he will feel there is scarcely room for heated controversy regarding the meaning of two words of identical origin and etymological significance in early English speech. Let us quote Jowett's Thucydides: "They advanced as far as Eleusis and Thria, but vanced as far as Eleusis and Thria, but no further."—Ed.)

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